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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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LEGAL NOTICES will be inserted at 12½ cents per line.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the cruel sea, the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's face.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of a delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now,
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there,
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best! he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop in his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

The Loyal Quaker.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

When David' Blake took care of his sister's orphans, he inwardly vowed to be a true father to them as long as he lived. Perhaps I wrong the principles of the worthy Quaker—for David was a zealous member of that persuasion—in asserting that he made a vow, even to himself. But he certainly made a solemn affirmation to that effect, whether it took the form of an oath or not. And all who saw the tender care bestowed upon James and Harry during the helpless life of childhood and orphanage, could attest the sincerity of their noble hearted protector. This was thought the more remarkable when it was known that he was not at liberty to bring up the boys after his own views, their dying mother having especially desired that they should not become Quakers. Uncle David was a bachelor. Neither he nor his prim housekeeper, Esther Lake, were used to the society of children. But the old hall was open like the heart of its owner to receive them; and even solemn Aunt Esther soon learned to greet the boys with a welcome smile.

James and Harry well repaid their uncle's kindness. They loved him warmly; and showed both their affection and gratitude by a devoted attention to his wishes. In his large manufactory they early made themselves useful, and when of suitable age began to fill situations of trust and responsibility. Harry Eaton was twenty years old, and his brother two years more than that when the fall of Fort Sumter startled the loyal North, and sent its young men from the shop and the plough to the camp and the battle-field.

'What shall I do, James?' said his younger brother. 'I must go to my country's help; I cannot stay away. But uncle David does not believe in war, and I suppose will think me a head-strong and hair-brained boy for wishing to fight.'

'Yes,' replied James; 'Uncle is a peace man, of course; all the quakers are by profession. You will not get his leave to be a soldier; it is no use to think of it Harry.'

'But I must, brother; I can think of nothing else. All the blood in my veins is throbbing for Union and liberty; and my arms are straining for the musket to avenge this treachery and put down rebellion. Uncle David dare not keep me back from service in such a cause.'

'Ask him and see,' was the reply.

Harry did ask, though to face and to displease his uncle tried his courage more than to confront the foe in arms.

'What does thee want to fight for?' was the answer. 'Thy fair cheek, so like thy mother's, is too tender and smooth for a sword cut or a bullet-hole. There's something beside poetry in war, my boy.'

Harry's cheek flushed and his eye glistened, but he stood his ground like a man. In a few words he spoke of his country's peril; of the call to its defense; of the deep and ready response which his heart made to that call; and implored his uncle to let him serve his country, and if need be to die for it.

'Thee is a brave boy, Harry, and I do not love thee less for this,' said Uncle David with a choking voice. 'But war is contrary to my faith, and I cannot send thee to fight. Neither, Harry, can I say thee nay. Thee must be free to do as the inward voice bids thee. And Harry, whatever thee needest, ask Aunt Esther and Jamie for. I will see that they have a full purse. God bless thee, and keep thy young head from harm.'

So Harry Eaton became a soldier. Six months passed, and the smooth cheek and strong arm of the young patriot were laid low; and he was buried beside his mother. The blood which throbbed so warmly for Union and liberty had been spilled in his first battle, but it had not flowed in vain. James Eaton was roused from his indifference; and felt that he had a double mission,—to avenge Harry, and to defend the cause for which his young brother had laid down his life. Yet he knew that his uncle could ill spare him. The shop was full of workmen; and he (young as he was) had the oversight of them. How could he ask to to be released? The struggle in his mind wore upon him; he grew thin and pale.

Uncle David watched him closely, though James never suspected his observation. At length he spoke. 'I see how it is, Jamie: thee is pining for Harry's musket. Why does thee not go, even as he did?'

'I want to go, indeed, uncle; you have rightly guessed. But how can you get along without me?'

'Well, Jamie, I've been thinking about it; and I do not feel free to keep thee from thy duty. Perhaps the rest of the boys would like to leave the shop too. I don't hold to war, thee knows; and it would ill become me to turn recruiting officer. But if the government must fight, surely it had better have all the men it needs. And so, Jamie, if the shop-boys want to go, I'm not the man to say them nay. We will shut up the factory till the war is over; and then all of those who are spared to come back shall have their places again, if the Lord will. And, Jamie, here's my bank-book; I couldn't buy powder and shot, thee knows; that wouldn't do for a Quaker. But surely I'm bidden to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, so thee may buy as many blankets and rations as thee pleases.'

James Eaton led a gallant and well-equipped company to the war. When he was badly wounded, Uncle David thought it right to go and tend him; and now that he is again fit for service, he has re-filled the emptied purse, and bid him God-speed.

Growing Rich.

'Your nephew, Felix Graham, is growing rich, I hear,' said my neighbor Jones, as he carried me to the depot, whence I was to start for a visit to my sister's son.

'Perhaps so,' was my brief reply; 'I do not know the state of his finances.'

'There is no doubt of it, I should think,' he rejoined. 'My brother met him last winter at the city savings bank, and saw him deposit a thousand dollars as the net gains of his farming the past year. I hear he is driving a great business this summer, and he will probably have another pile for investment when January comes round again. But you are going there, and will see for yourself; so, good by.'

I had not visited Felix in four or five years. But having sent notice of my intention to go there by the early morning train, I was a little disappointed on my arrival at the 'Cross Roads' (which was the nearest station to his dwelling, and about two miles distant,) not to see the horse and chaise which had always been sent to meet me. However there was a decent conveyance called the Grahamville Express, which would take me almost to my nephew's door; and so I went along. The driver knew me, for the village had been my home before my marriage and removal to the city; and he, too, spoke of Felix Graham as a man to be envied for his steady and growing prosperity.

'I hope to find him well, then,' I said. 'When I missed him and the black pony at the depot, I feared that something was the matter.'

'Ah, he was too busy to leave, I suspect. When a man has made up his mind to be rich, he can't stop for trifles, you know.' And the expressman laughed as if his joke was as rich as the subject of it, and perhaps it was. My nephew's daughter met me as the wagon stopped, and welcomed me most heartily. Jane and Lucy were sensible, affectionate girls, fast growing to womanhood. Taking my bag and bandbox in their arms, they escorted me to the house; and then leaving me to the cordial greetings of their mother, they went back for my trunk.

'That is too heavy for the girls,' I said, rising hastily to prevent it. But Mrs. Graham held me back.

'Felix expects me to manage such little matters,' she replied. He and the men are so busy always, and their time is worth so much more than ours,' she added apologetically.

I did not meet my nephew till supper was on the table. 'Glad to see you, Aunt Lois,' he said as he shook my hand furiously, and hastened to take his seat. 'I suppose you expected me at the depot, but this is my cucumber harvest, and every hour is so much gold to me. I shall get twenty-five cents for every cucumber I can send to market this week, and that will count up the money fast.' The complacent, self-satisfied smile with which this was said was a revelation to me.

'Have you read Mrs. ——'s last volume?' I inquired of Jennie as she sat for a few moments in my chamber that evening.

'I have hardly seen a book since I left school two years since,' was the reply. 'Father says he can't afford to buy them, and Lucy and I are too constantly occupied through the day, and too weary in the evening, to read much if we had them.' The sigh which followed Jennie's explanation went to my heart, for I knew how she loved to read and study when I saw her in her childhood.

'You are working too hard,' I said to my nephew's wife, as I followed her through the round of toil from Tuesday to Saturday. 'With so many hired men to cook for, and such a dairy to tend, you need a stouter frame and stronger arms than you or the girls can boast.'

'Yes, aunt, we are all doing too much,' she said sadly. But Felix is so bent on getting rich, that he cannot afford to hire help in the house; that would take off the profits, he says,' and the wearied woman shook her head hopelessly.

Sabbath came, and with it the morning and evening family devotion, which I had missed during all the week. I suppose my looks must have showed the surprise I felt, for my nephew attempted a hasty explanation.

'We get no time for this, week days, Aunt Lois, as you must have observed. I have so many men on hand that I can't afford to have them lose a half hour in the morning, and they don't value these things you know. I have to keep a sharp eye to business, myself, to bring the year round about right. But I don't mean to give up my religion; so we read two or three chapters on Sunday, when we can spare the time better.'

Monday morning my visit was completed, and I started for home. Felix accompanied me to the depot, having business in that direction. When we reached the cars, a pale and feeble soldier, who had lost his leg in his country's service, solicited help. My nephew turned a deaf ear to the moving appeal, his whispered apology being to me the two facts that 'he wanted to lay up $1200 this year,' and that 'really government ought to take care of her soldiers.'

When I reached my home I sat down and wept. And though I did not explain the matter to my neighbor Jones, who came to meet me, I did say to myself, and I tell it in confidence, dear reader, to you, that it is my opinion Felix Graham is growing miserably poor.

LIGHT AND DARK.—God doth chequer his providences, white and black, as the pillar of cloud had its light side and dark. Look on the light side of thy estate; who looks on the dark side of a landscape? Suppose thou art cast in a law-suit, there is the dark side; yet thou hast some land left, there is the light side. Thou hast sickness in thy body, there is the dark side; but grace in thy soul, there is the light side. Thou hast a child taken away, there is the dark side; thy husband lives, there is the light side. God's providences in this life are various, represented by those speckled horses among the myrtle-trees, which were the red and white (Zech. i. 8); mercies and afflictions are interwoven; God doth speckle his works. Oh, saith one, I want such a comfort; but weigh all thy mercies in the balance, and that will make thee content. Look on the light side of thy condition, and then all your discontent will easily be dispersed; do not pore upon your losses, but ponder upon your mercies. What! wouldst thou have no cross at all? Why should one man think to have all good things, when he himself is good but in part? Wouldst thou have no evil about thee, who hast so much evil in thee? Thou art not fully sanctified in this life, how then thinkest thou to be fully satisfied? Never look for perfection of contentment till there be perfection of grace.—*Watson*

A Scene at Pompeii.

Signor Fiorelli has frequently observed hollows in the hard volcanic matter, in which were found human bones or fragments of charred wood mixed with ivory and bronze ornaments. The happy idea occurred to him of pouring liquid plaster into these hollows—in fact, using them as a sculptor would a mould. The result far exceeded his expectations. Among the first class that he obtained were those of human beings. They are now preserved in a room in Pompeii, and more ghastly and painful, yet, deeply interesting and couching objects, it is difficult to conceive. We have death itself moulded and cast—the very last struggle, the final agony brought before us. They tell their story with a horrible dramatic truth that no sculptor could ever reach. They would have furnished a thrilling episode to the accomplished author of the "Last days of Pompeii."

These four persons had perished in the street. They had remained within the shelter of their homes until the thick black mud began to creep thro' every cranny and chink. Driven from their retreat, they sought to flee when it was too late. The streets were already buried deep in the loose pumice stones which had been falling for many hours in unremitting showers, and which reached almost to the windows of the first floor. These victims of the eruption were not found together, and they do not appear to have belonged to the same household. The most interesting of the casts is that of two young women, probably mother and daughter, lying feet to feet. They appear from their garb to have been people of poor condition. The elder seems to lie tranquilly on her side. Overcome by the noxious gases, she probably fell and died without a struggle. Her limbs are extended, and her left arm droops loosely. On one finger is still seen her coarse iron ring. Her child was a girl of fifteen; she seems, poor thing, to have struggled hard for life. Her legs are drawn up convulsively. Her little hands are clenched in agony. In one she holds her veil, or a part of her dress, with which she had covered her head, burying her face in her arms, to shield herself from the falling ashes and from the foul sulphureous smoke. The form of her head is perfectly preserved. The texture of her coarse linen garment may be traced, and even the fashion of her dress, with its long sleeves reaching to her wrists. Here and there, it is torn, and the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble. On her tiny feet may still be seen her embroidered sandals.

At a short distance from this group lay a third woman. She appears to have been about twenty-five years of age, and to have belonged to a better class than the other two. On one of her fingers were two silver rings, and her garments were of a finer texture. Her linen head-dress falling over her shoulders like that of a matron in a Roman statue, can still be distinguised. She had fallen on her side overcome by the heat and gases; but a terrible struggle seems to have preceded her last agony. One arm is raised in despair; the hands are clenched convulsively. Her garments are gathered up on one side, leaving a limb exposed of beautiful shape. So perfect a mould of it has been formed by the set and yielding mud, that the cast would seem to be taken from an exquisite work of Greek art. She had fled with her little treasure, which lay scattered around her—two silver cups, a few jewels, and some dozen silver coins. Nor had she like a good housewife, forgotten the keys, after having probably locked up her store before seeking to escape. They were found by her side.

The fourth cast is that of a man of the people, perhaps a common soldier. He is almost of colossal size. He lies on his back, his arm extended by his side and his feet stretched out, as if, finding escape impossible, he had laid himself down to meet death like a brave man. His dress consists of a short coat or jerkin and tight fitting breeches, of some coarse stuff, perhaps leather. Heavy sandals, with soles studded with nails, are laced tightly around his ankles. On one finger is seen his iron ring. His features are strongly marked; the mouth open as in death. Some of the teeth still remain, and even part of the mustache adheres to the plaster.

The importance of Signor Fiorelli's discovery may be understood from the results we have described. It may furnish us with many curious particulars as to the dress and domestic habits of the Romans, and with many an interesting episode of the last days of Pompeii. Had it been made at an earlier period we might, perhaps, have possessed the perfect cast of the family of Diomedes, as they clung together in their last struggle, and of other victims whose remains are mingled together in the bone-house.—*London Quarterly Review.*

BOARDING VERSUS HOUSEKEEPING.—The newly married are universally falling back on the old idea of boarding. It is, they say, the easiest, and undoubtedly the most economical; there is no furniture to buy, no expensive stock of household linen to purchase and make up, no coal and flour to lay in, no frightful rent days, and no servants' wages to pay, or servants' board to find. This is true to a certain extent, but not all true, and it need not be half so true as it is. As an offset, it must be remembered that board is very high, and constantly growing higher and getting poorer; that in a little while complications may be expected in the shape of children, and that in the meantime, instead of enjoying freedom and domestic comfort, the young husband and wife have to submit to all sorts of tiresome restraints, to a diet which generally excludes everything that they have a particular liking for, and to the absence of the great charm of newly wedded life, the feeling of joint proprietorship in their own home. Moreover, boarding, where it is not a necessity, is wicked—its tendency is to immorality. In large boarding houses it is considered absurd for a man to pay the attention of a husband and a gentleman to his own wife. Especially if he be recently married, he is made the target of a senseless crowd of young men and women, who aim their silly shafts at him until he is shamed out of his manhood, and becomes either a frivolous male flirt, or leaves his wife alone while he seeks the solace of neighboring billiard saloons. But, say the young ladies, what are we to do? You acknowledge that at present prices, it is impossible for some of us to go to housekeeping, and yet discourage boarding. What else can we do? Not at all; we never said it was impossible to go to housekeeping, only impossible to purchase Brussels carpets and expensive furniture; but these are not necessary to the most delightful kind of housekeeping. Do? Why go to work as your mother or your grandmother did before you. Furnish two rooms, if you cannot a whole house, and with such plain, simple articles as you can afford. A little taste and a little industry will soon make them attractive; sensible people will prefer them to marvellous exhibitions of French upholstery; and, most important of all, as you will discover sometime, you will have your husband to yourself. Don't board.—*N. Y. Illustrated News.*

A FASHIONABLE PARLOR.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in her "House and Home Papers" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, speaks thus of this peculiar American institution;

"How many people do we call on from year, and know no more of their feelings, habits, tastes, family ideas, and ways than if they lived in Kamtschatka? And why? Because the room they call a front parlor is made expressly so that you never shall know. They sit in a back room—work, talk, read, perhaps. After a servant has let you in and opened a crack in the shutters, and while you sit waiting for them to change their dress and come in, you speculate as to what they may be doing. From some distant region the laugh of a child, the song of a canary bird reaches you, and then a door claps hastily to. Do they love plants? Do they write letters, sew, embroider, crochet? Do they romp and frolic? What books do they read? Do they sketch or paint? Of all these possibilities a mute and muffled room says nothing. A sofa, six chairs, two ottomans fresh from the upholster's, a Brussels carpet, a center-table with four gilt books of beauty on it, a mantel-clock from Paris, two bronze vases—all these tell you only in frigid tones, "This is the best room"—only that and nothing more—and soon she trips in in her best clothes and apologises for keeping you waiting, asks you how your mother is, and you remark that it is a pleasant day—and thus the acquaintance progresses from year to year. One hour in the little back room, where the plants and canary-bird and children are, might have made you fast friends for life; but as it is, you care no more for them than for the gilt clock on the mantel."

Hints on Etiquette.

In all associations, keep constantly in view the adage, "too much freedom breeds contempt."

Never be guilty of practical jokes. If you accustom yourself to them, it is probable you will become so habituated as to commit them upon persons who will not allow of such liberties. I have known a duel arise from a slap on the back.

If there be another chair in the room, do not offer a lady that from which you have just arisen.

Alway suspect the advances of any person who may wish for your acquaintance, and who has had no introduction. Circumstances may qualify this remark, but, as a general principle, acquaintances made in a public room or place of amusement are not desirable.

Never converse while a person is singing. It is an insult not only to the singer, but to the company.

The essential part of good breeding is the practical desire to afford pleasure, and to avoid giving pain. Any man possessing this desire requires only opportunity and observation to make him a gentleman.

If, in public promenade, you pass and repass persons of your acquaintance, it is only necessary to salute them on the first occasion.

Do not affect singularity of dress by wearing anything that is so conspicuous as to demand attention, and particularly avoid what I must call the ruffian style.

Never lose your temper at games, and particularly avoid the exhibition of anxiety or vexation at want of success.

Let presents to a lady be characterized by taste, not remarkable for intrinsic value.

Except under very decided circumstances, it is both ungentlemanly and dangerous to cut a person. If you wish to rid yourself of any one's society, a cold bow in the street, and particular ceremony in the circles of your mutual acquaintance, is the best mode of conduct to adopt.

Never introduce your own affairs for the amusement of a company—it shows a sad want of mental cultivation or excessive weakness of intellect.

FEMALE ENGLISH COLLIERS.—Some few months since, happening to be in Wigan, my attention was directed to the, unwonted spectacle of one of those female colliers returning homewards from her daily labor. It was difficult to believe that the unwomanly looking being who passed before me was actually a female; yet such was the case. Clad in coarse, greasy, and patched fustian unmentionables and jacket, thick canvas shirt, great heavy hob-nailed boots, her features completely begrimmed with coal dust, her hard horny hands carrying the spade, pick, drinking-tin, sieve, and other paraphernalia of her occupation, her not irregular features wearing a bold, defiant expression, and with nothing womanly about her except two or three laten evidences of feminine weakness in the shape of a coral necklace, a pair of glittering ear-rings, and a bonnet which, as regards shape, size and color strongly resembled the fantail hat of a London coalheaver; she proceeded unabashed through the crowded street, no one appearing to regard the degrading spectacle as being anything unusual.—*Once a Week.*

CLOSETS.—We sincerely hope, for the sake of your own comfort, that closets and presses may abound in your house, and that things may be classified, have a place, and be kept in the place most convenient for general use. Sweep, dust and white-wash with a mixture that will not rub off the walls of any closet; keep the floors painted or stained, and the shelves varnished with a preparation directed for kitchen and pantry floors. They will not then contract grease spots, will readily discharge stains, and will only need washing with mild soaps when especially soiled, warm water being usually sufficient. It is best for all closets to be capable of being lighted, but as a rule they should be kept dark. Light and heat generate and foster insects, and light, we are satisfied, is the most active enemy the housewife has in producing deterioration and decay in the pantry and kitchen. There should be a closet in each house in which the summer clothes and bedding should be packed in winter, and which, of course, will answer for woolens, &c., in summer. To keep these presses clean and snugly stored, with some fragrant scent-bags for the summer articles, and camphor, tobacco, or other offensive substances strewed among the winter things is all that need be done.

FAULT-FINDING WITH OUR CHILDREN.—It is at times necessary to censure and punish; but very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parents; and hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition of both parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human action—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees any thing amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and, at last, finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

NO MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE IN FRANCE.—There are two things no nation of the Continent possesses,—spring, and middle-aged people. You may be young for a good long spell—some have been known, by the judicious appliances of art, to keep on for sixty years or so; but when you do pass the limit, there is no neutral territory—no *mezzo termine*. Fall out of the young guard, and you must serve as a veteran. The successive changes of temperament and taste which we mark at home have no correlatives abroad. The foreigner inhabits at sixty the same sort of world he did at six-and-twenty; he does not dance so much, but he lingers in the ball-room, and he is just as keenly alive to all the little naughty talk that amused him forty years ago, and fully as much interested to hear that the world is just as false and as wicked as it used to be when he was better able to contribute to its frailty and wickedness.—*Blackwood.*

HOW A REBEL MAJOR WAS CAPTURED.—An army correspondent says that a few days ago one of the 107th New York regiment took over some papers to exchange with some rebel soldiers, pursuant to an intimation on their part of a desire to make such exchange, and they took him papers and all. This breach of faith was considered a proper subject of retaliation. A corporal, disguised as an officer, ventured out in front of another portion of the line, and, holding up a package of papers, expressed a wish to exchange for Southern papers. "Come over here, and we will exchange with you," a rebel called out. "Meet me half way," our corporal replied. His firmness on this point soon brought out a grayback officer, and a major at that. "Glad to see you," said the corporal. "Do you see that man behind that tree with a musket? You are my prisoner, and if you open your head, or don't follow me, you are a dead man." The major followed, and is now a prisoner. Subsequently an offer was made to send back the man they had taken prisoner in exchange, but our boys could not see it.

EXCITING CHASE AFTER A LOCOMOTIVE.—On last Saturday an engine on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at West Philadelphia, which had been supplied with fuel and water prepatory to taking a train West, got loose from the hostler, and ran off up the south track like a streak, snorting and puffing as if giving challenge for a race. Engineer Black, with the engine of the fast line, was despatched at once on the north track, in pursuit of the fugitive, and she being a faster animal, caught up with the runaway at Athensville, and running alongside, the engineer stepped over and reined in the flying steed. The Superintendent at West Philadelphia took the precaution to telegraph to White Hall, and had the switch turned so as to throw her off the track in case she reached that point.

☞ Wealth is not acquired as many people suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprise, but by daily practice of industry, frugality and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and whoever relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.

If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.